

IT'S PROBABLY WHAT BUKOWSKI LIKES ABOUT BEETHOVEN

if there's an opera on t.v.
i always turn it on.

i don't understand the words,
even when they're in english,
and i only know a couple of the stories.
there's always a synopsis
preceding each act,
but that goes in one ear
and out the other.
sometimes i pick up the sports section.

what i like about the opera
is that i don't know what's going on.
none of it matters.
it's the attitude that one should have towards life,
and which, so far, i've failed sufficiently to sustain.

i might even watch the prime-time series
if they were in a foreign language.

THE WILD BUNCH

this doctor who drinks in one of the bars
i occasionally drop by
allegedly decided to do a favor
for some of his drinking buddies.
they were craftsmen of varying specialties
who were mostly out of work,
so he hired them to build his new office.

now the completion date's past,
the costs are soaring,
he's losing money on the practice
that he can't begin,
his former friends all hate him,
and the guy he put in charge as "coordinator"
is taking him to court over disputed wages.

instead of sympathy,
all he gets from the other drinkers
is the admonition that next time
he shouldn't try to get work done dirt-cheap.

the only thing that hasn't changed
is that none of the parties involved
has let the whole mess spoil his thirst.